



The Brakeman's Appeal.



"Poor, helpless and alone am I,"
How sad the words do seem.
As through this life I journey on,
A cripple maimed and lame;
With parents dead these many year's
And none to care for me,
I'm forced to offer you my song,
With a cripple's prayerful plea.

I little thought, as time flew by.
That troubles thick and fast
Would o'er me fall, and make me go
A cripple to the last.
But here I am, as you can see,
Drawn out of shape by pain—
A sad reminder of the night
I fell beneath the train.

"Do unto others as you'd have them
do to you."

Is an adage old as time;
Think how, my friend, if in my place,
You'd bless the giver of a dime.
Reach in your pocket for your change.
And help the cripple on;
'Tis but a mite to you, I know—
But to me 'tis quite a sum.

J. M. PATERSON.

GIVE WHAT YOU WISH.

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